

Slither

Ivan de Monbrison

I was never able to measure  
the precise length of my death  
like on a crippled canvas  
where I've spent days trying to undo  
my ugly self-portrait

An appointment with a spider  
writing always upside down  
a cobweb  
of forgotten lives  
forclusion of my past

Shard glass bleeding this light  
where your shadow has been swallowed  
just like inside a broken bulb

Not to deflect  
a doll of bones  
carried dismantled in a bag  
chewing its own mind

A corpse

a window banging suddenly  
but there is no one left in the room  
but my shadow and me

the echo of its sound

Shallow texture of my blood  
the sex stays there still wide open  
Res  
as a wound my punctured eye

On the brink of madness  
the heart placed in a drawer  
we sink in ourselves and fear  
the angles cocooned by the fire  
sadness left in a box  
eating your own sanguinity  
because pity has no flavor

Flesh and bones mixed together  
In the grave  
Where I slowly unzip my soul  
  
a wingless fly

the mouth ripped off  
Only the teeth have been left out  
I've just stolen all your clothes  
to catch some empty soul

Dead sea dear dead mother

a single cloud of blood wrapped all around the globe

with the night up to my sleeve